nemogriffen
@
Z-Cult.com

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER
RETURN OF THE DRAGON
MIKE BARON
Writer
RAGS MORALES
Penciller
RANDY ELLIOTT
Inker
BILL DUNN
Colorist
BOB LAYTON
Editor-In-Chief
TURN·AND·DIE, MEAT--
TURN·AND·DIE, SSSLAYER
·OF·MON-ARK--
I WAS CARELESS. I WAS HASTY. I LET THE PROFUSION OF SOUNDS AND SMELLS DULL MY SENSES.
AND NOW I FACE ONE OF MOTHERGOD'S MONSTERS WITH NOTHING BUT A KNIFE.
GRONK!

GRONK!

GRONK!

TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER® Vol.1 No.12, June, 1994. Published by VALIANT®, a division of Voyager Communications Inc., Steven J. Massarsky, Secretary. Office of Publication: 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001. ©1994 Voyager Communications Inc. Turok is a registered trademark of Western Publishing Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof which originally appeared in publications originally published by Western Publishing Company, Inc. are trademarks of Western Publishing Company, Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of Voyager Communications Inc. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any persons living or dead, or any institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE CURSED DRAGON?! IT TOLD ME IT COULDN'T LOSE!
TWO SHOTS LEFT. NO CHANCE TO RELOAD.
YOU-CANNOT-HURT-ME-WITH-YOUR-LITTLE-SPITTING-MACHINE...
SSST!
BLAM BLAM

WHERE ARE THE REST OF MY TIGERS?
ALL OF YOU! GET DOWN THERE AND KILL HIM! BRING ME HIS HEAD!
CELESTIAL ONE, THE RAIN...
WHAT ABOUT THE RAIN?
IT'S RAINING AS NEVER BEFORE... THE SEWERS CAN'T HANDLE IT ALL.
ARE YOU AFRAID OF A LITTLE RAIN?! ARE YOU NOT GOLDEN TIGERS?!
BUT... THE INDIAN HAS KILLED YOUR DRAGON...
ONLY ONE, NOW GO.
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME TO GO.
FAITHFUL FANG. YOU MUST REMAIN WITH ME.

WE'LL TAKE THE LINCOLN AND RENDEVOUS WITH THE YELLOW LOTUS SOCIETY AT THE HARBOR.
I NEED A FEW THINGS...
WE SHOULD LEAVE AT ONCE, CELESTIAL ONE.
TIGER SPLEEN, BEAR KIDNEY ARE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.
AH, FAITHFUL FANG, I'D FORGOTTEN ALL YOUR TRAPS.
HOLD YOUR EARS, CELESTIAL ONE.
HURRY... OPEN THE GARAGE DOOR.

FOOLS! MAY THEIR MOTHERS CATCH A SOCIAL DISEASE!
BEEP BEEP
HONK HONK
WE WILL NOT BE USING THE STREETS, CELESTIAL ONE.
THIS IS BAD JOSS... FIRST THE DRAGON, NOW THE RAIN...
IT WAS THE BUFFALO.
CELESTIAL ONE ?
THE WHITE BUFFALO.
WHITE...THE COLOR OF DEATH. BAD JOSS. I DID NOT THINK IT WOULD MATTER BECAUSE IT WAS AN AMERICAN BUFFALO.
YOU HAVE PLANNED TOO WELL, CELESTIAL ONE. NOTHING WILL STOP US ONCE WE REACH THE BOAT.

THE TUNNELS MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO HEAR. BUT THERE ARE AT LEAST FIVE OF THEM THEY TRACK ME WITH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.
MY HIGH SIERRA STANDARD IS NO MATCH FOR GUNS THAT SPIT FIRE LIKE BURNING MAPLE.
HEY!

HI YA HEY HEY!
I SING THE SONG OF FIRE MY ENEMIES FALL LIKE GRASS BEFORE THE BUFFALO
KILL HIM! HE'S DESTROYING THE MASTER'S TREAS...UNGH!
CHUN LEE FAT!
I WANT THE BONE TRADER. I KNOW HE'S DOWN HERE

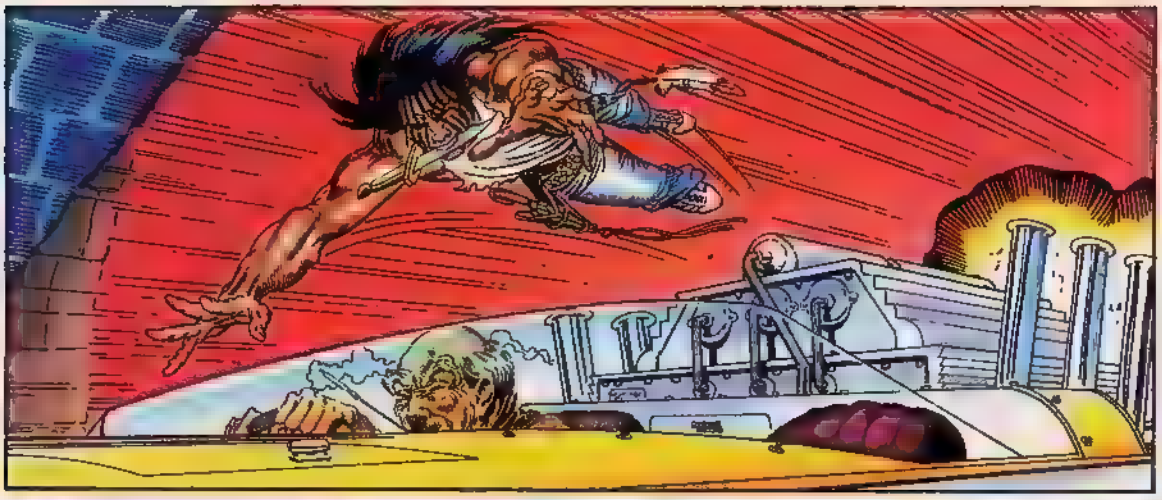
WHAT HORRORS ARE THESE? AT LEAST DR. NOEL KEPT HIS COLLECTION ALIVE.
PLAINS INDIAN. CHEROKEE OR LAKOTA. I CAN SEE WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN CUT AWAY, LOCK BY LOCK.
AS LONG AS HIS HEAD IS BOTTLED, HIS SPIRIT REMAINS TRAPPED.
LATER I WILL SING HIM FREE OF THIS EARTH. NOW THERE IS NO TIME
HI YA HEY HEY.
I HEAR THE BONE TRADER'S WHINING VOICE. HE IS NEAR.

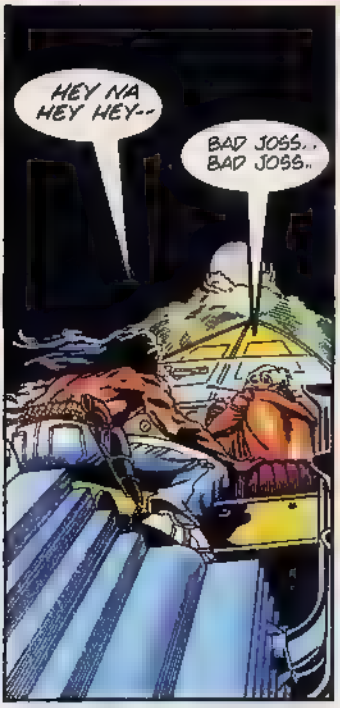
HURRY-- OPEN THE SLUICE GATE.
CALM YOURSELF, CELESTIAL ONE THE INDIAN HAS NO CHANCE AGAINST THE GOLDEN TIGERS.
IT'S NOT THE INDIAN WHO WORRIES ME
THEN YOU ARE A FOOL.
BILE SENDS HIS GREETINGS.
FANG!

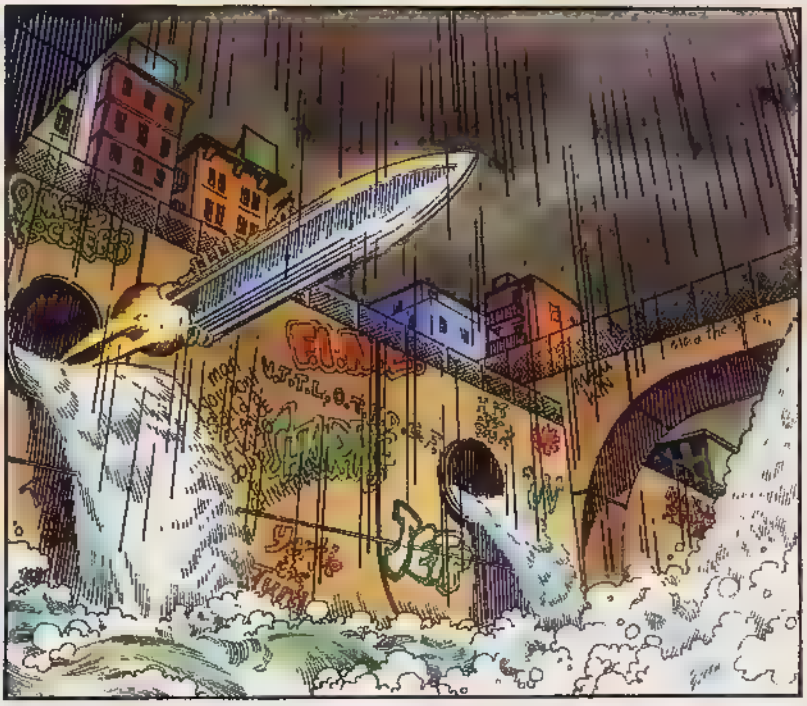
THE BODYGUARD--SO QUICK I DIDN'T SEE HIM UNTIL THE ANCHOR STRUCK MY HAND
KILL HIM, FAITHFUL FANG!
HE'S A SAVAGE--A BARBARIAN...
HIS SKULL WILL BRING A FINE PRICE IN VANCOUVER..
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SHAO-LIN DOUBLE SWORDS, BARBARIAN?
HA HA HEY HA NA HEY--
INSTEAD OF SPEAKING I ANSWER WITH A KIOWA WAR CHANT TO UNNERVE HIM.

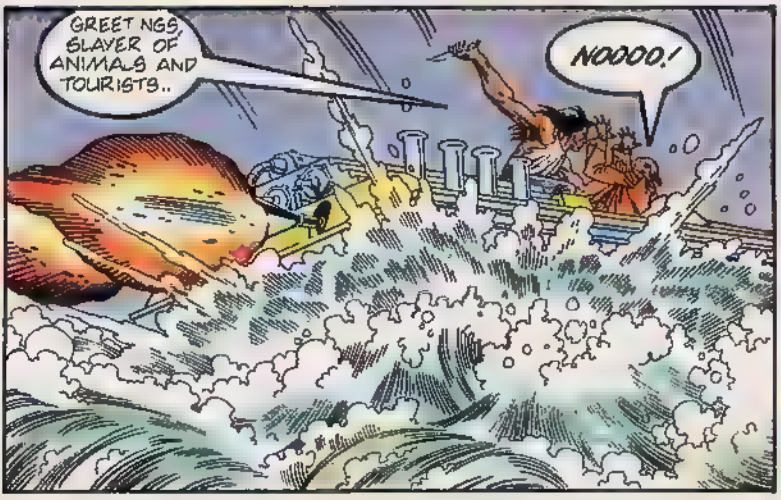
SEEJAH!
YOU FIGHT WELL FOR A SAVAGE.
AND YOU FIGHT POORLY
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN.
IT'S A GOOD DAY TO DIE.
<A CANCER ON WHOEVER BUILT THIS WORTHLESS BOAT!>

I GIVE HIM THE CONTENTS OF MY MEDICINE POUCH
VROOM!
ACK!

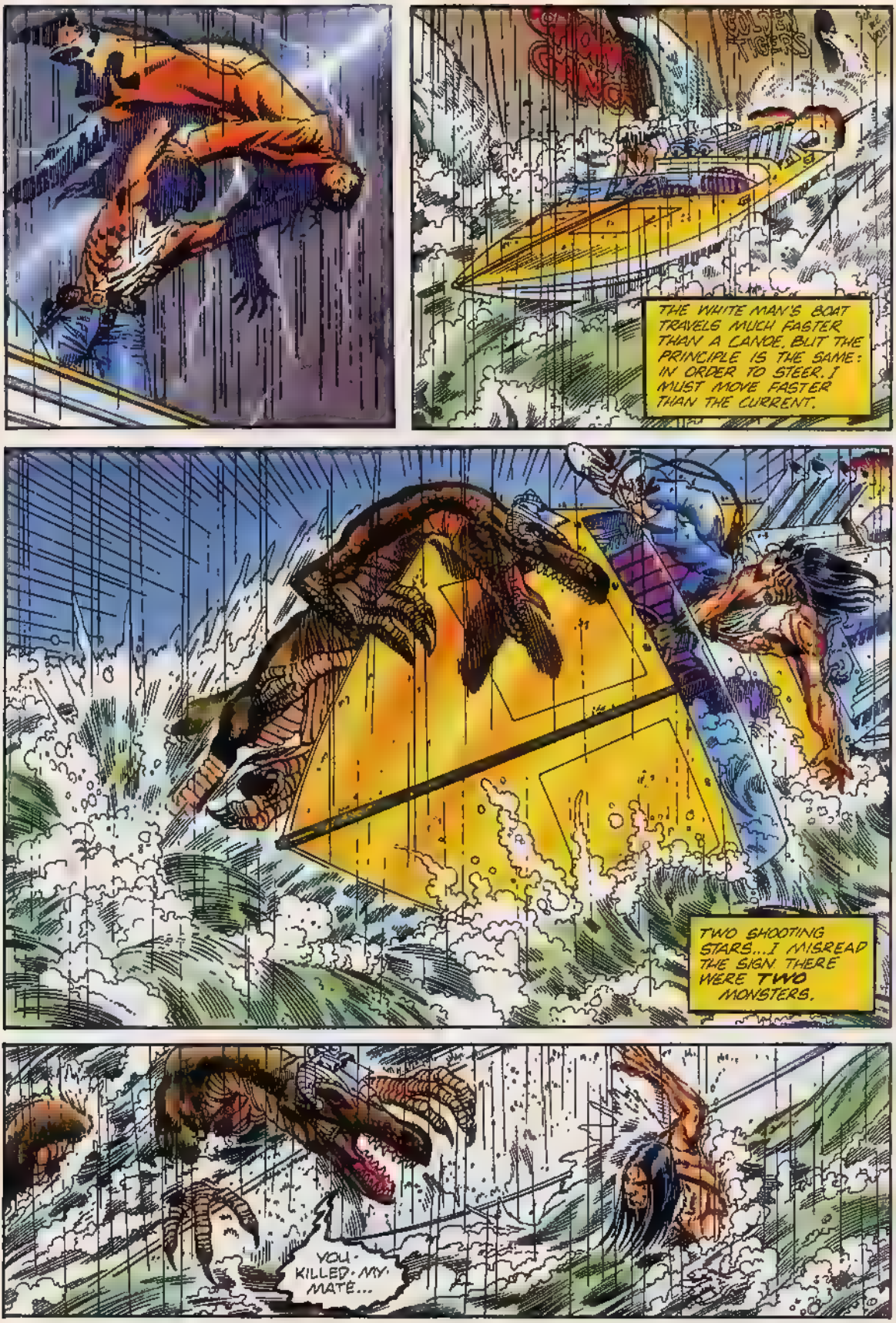


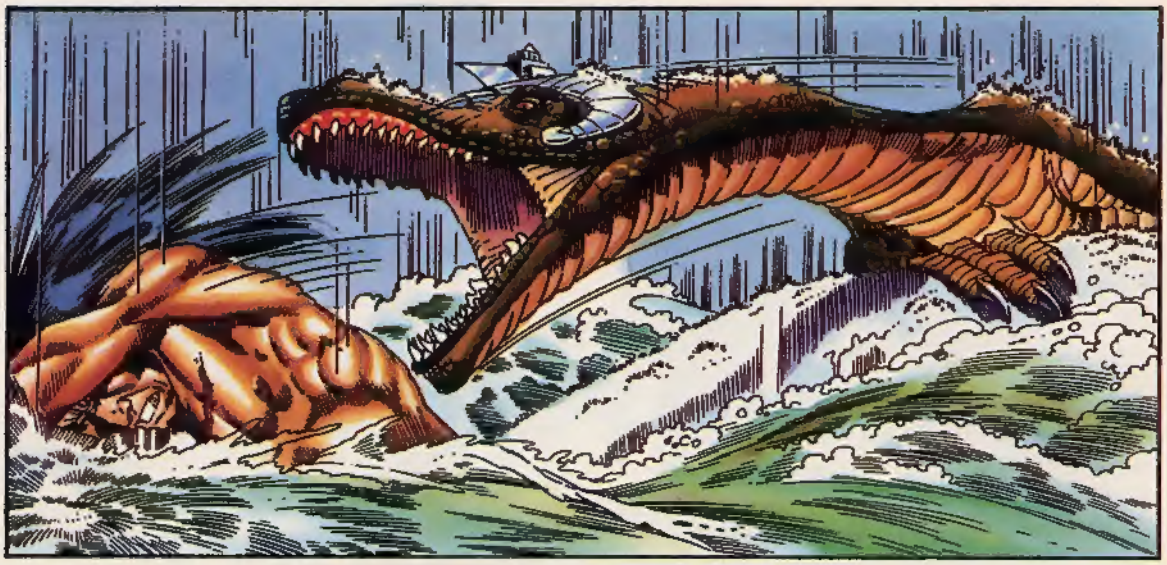

HEY NA HEY HEY--
BAD JOSS.. BAD JOSS..

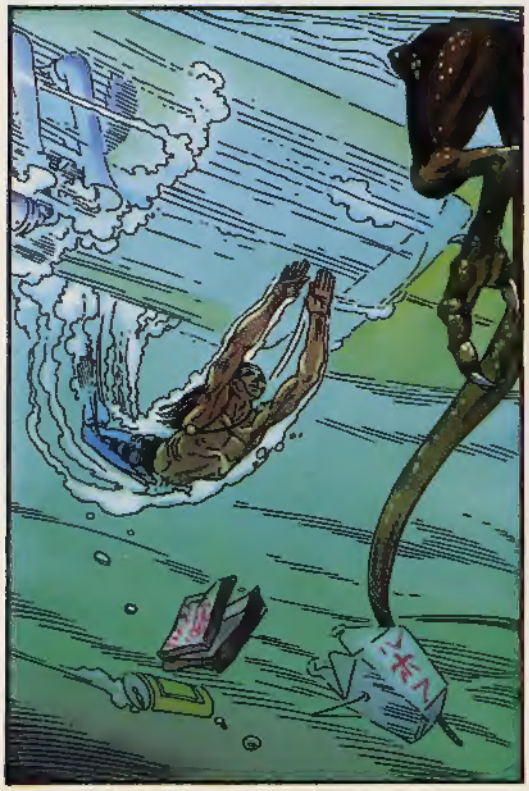


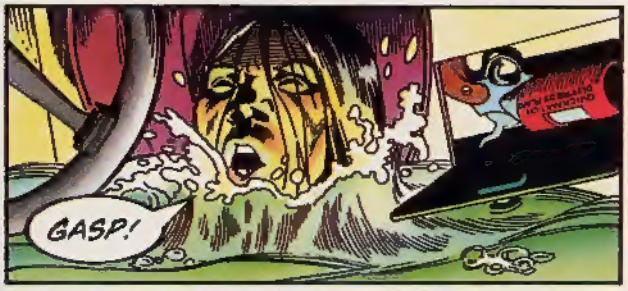

GREET NGS, SLAYER OF ANIMALS AND TOURISTS..
NOOOO!

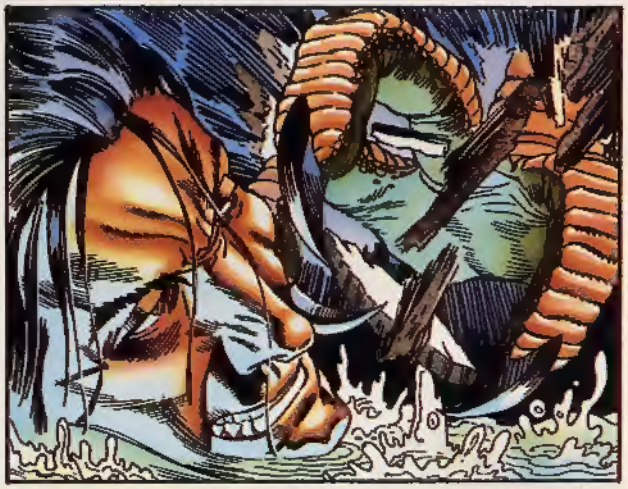
BILE SENDS HIS REGARDS

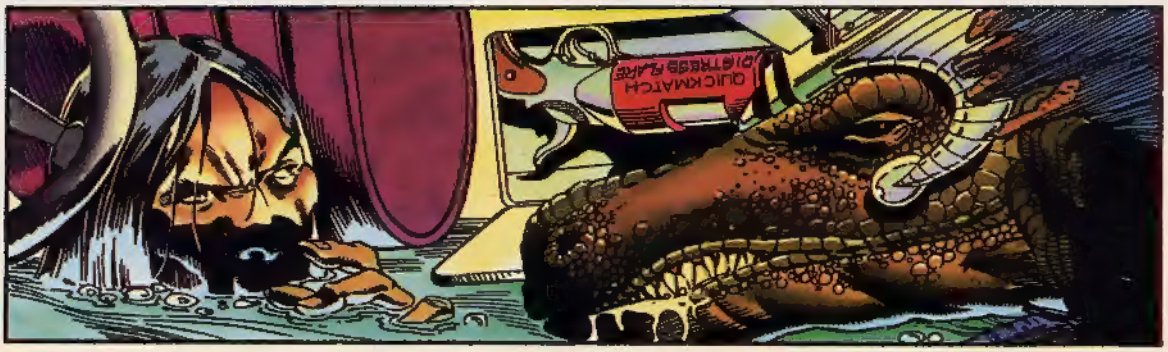

THE WHITE MAN'S BOAT TRAVELS MUCH FASTER THAN A CANOE. BUT THE PRINCIPLE IS THE SAME: IN ORDER TO STEER, I MUST MOVE FASTER THAN THE CURRENT.
TWO SHOOTING STARS...I MISREAD THE SIGN. THERE WERE TWO MONSTERS.
YOU KILLED MY MATE...



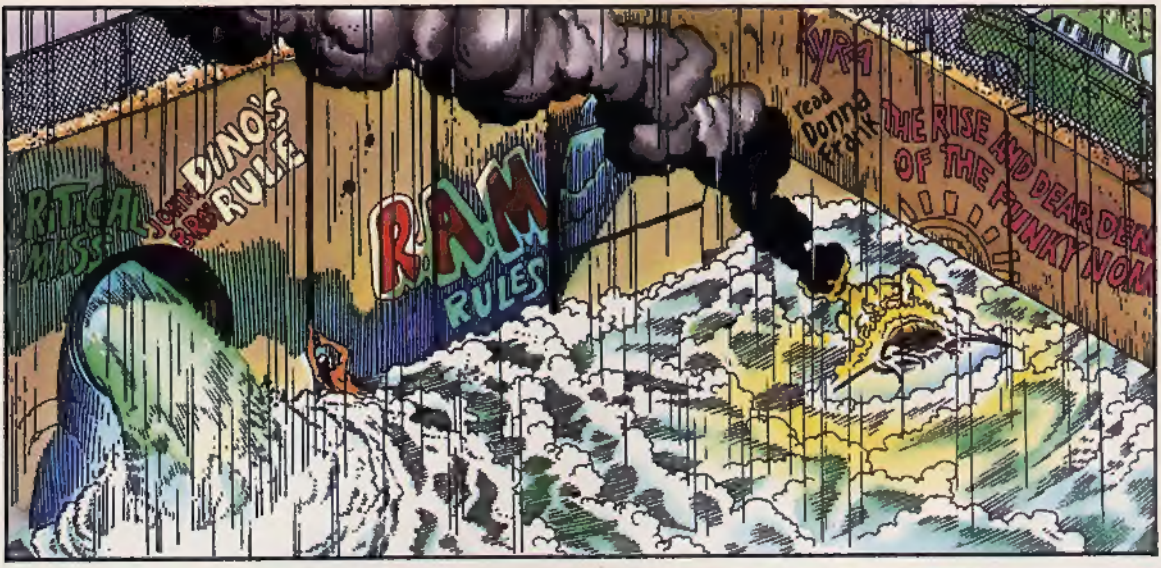


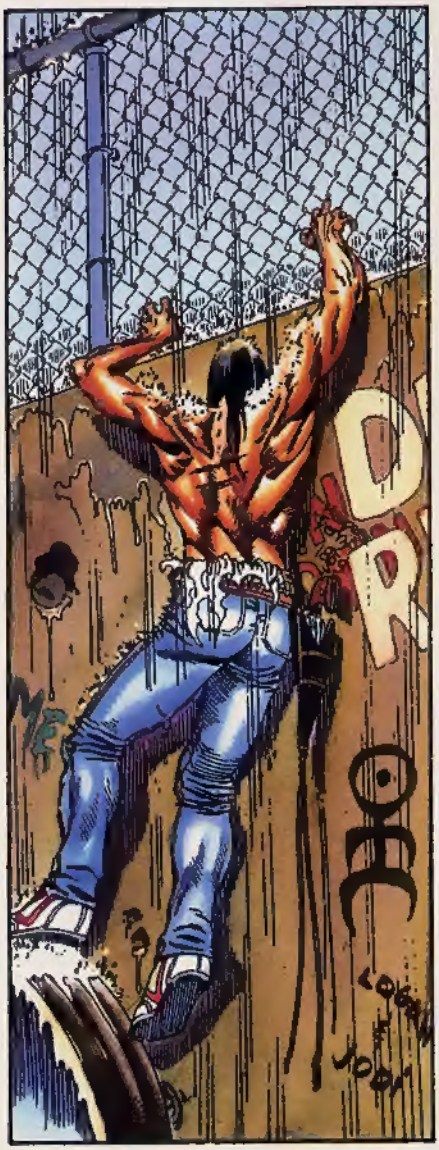

GASP!



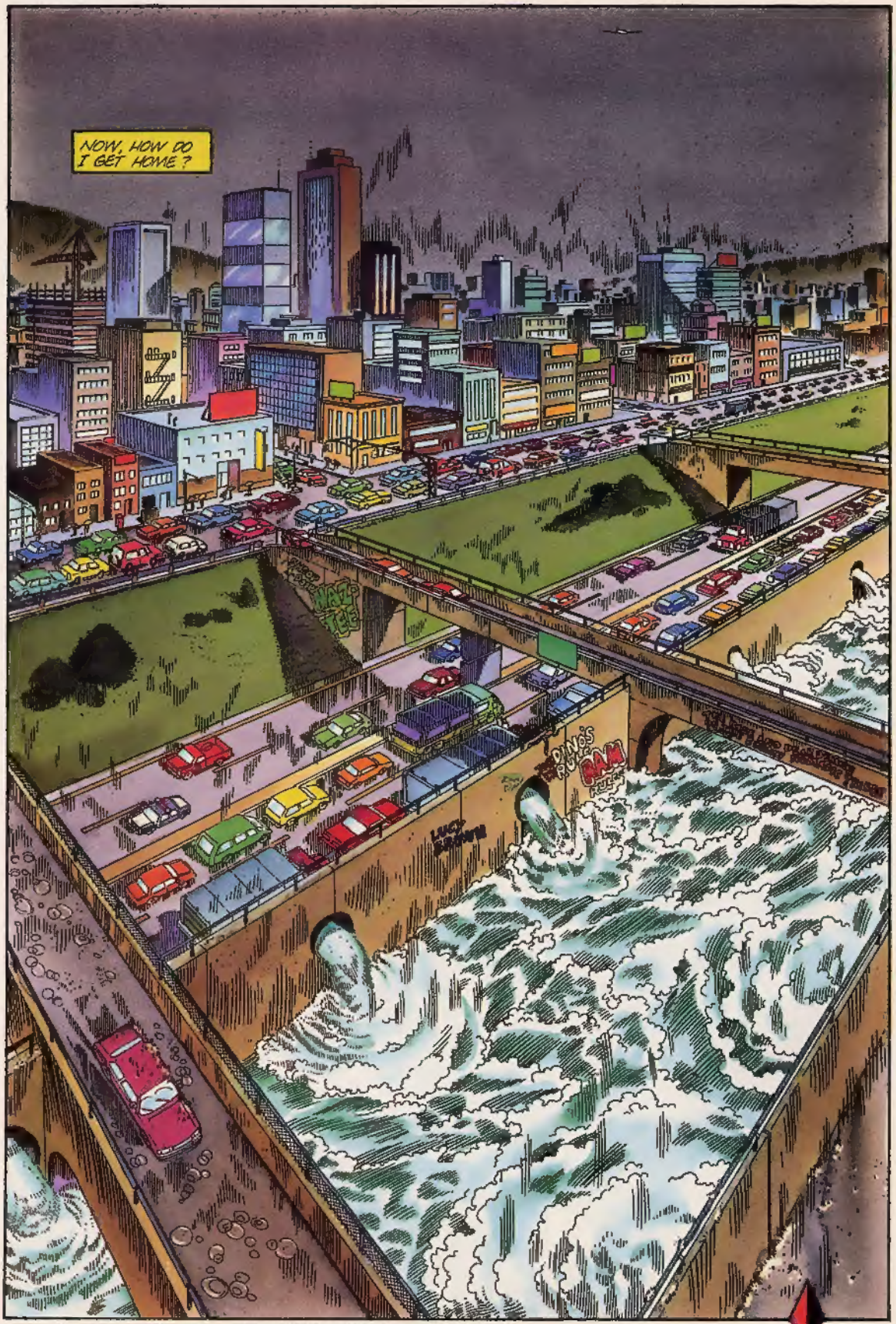

QUICKMATCH
DIETRESS FLARE

QUICKMATCH
DISTRESS FLARE
GASP!
TANO
S.H.A.R.P.
SURVIVORS
SANCTUARY


RTICAL MASS
JOHN DINO'S BRO RULE
R.A.M. RULES
YRA
read Donna Frank
THE RISE AND DEAR DEM
OF THE FUNKY NOM


DR
OH
ME

Harpers Ferry
1859
DINO'S
RULE
DANGERFI
NEWBY



Cover Colorist: BILL DUNN • Letterer: ADAM NIEDWIECKI • Editor: TONY BEDARD